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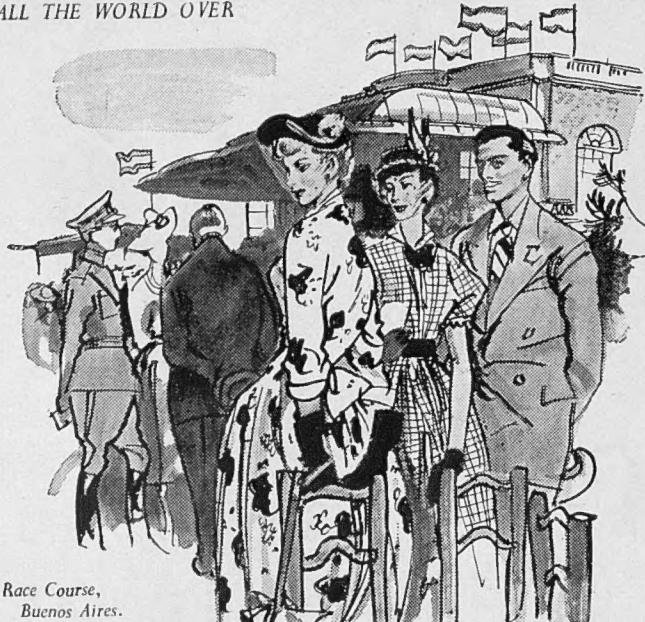
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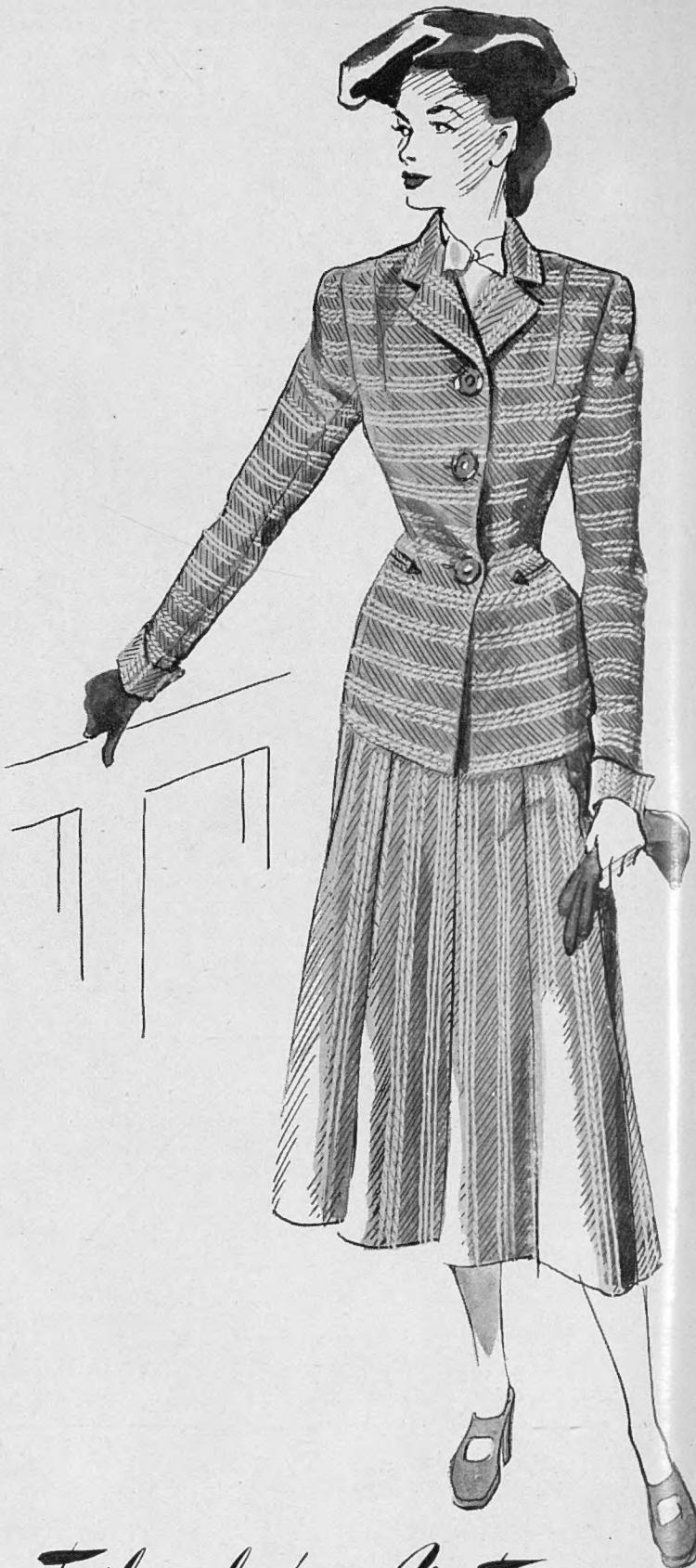


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The TATLER and BYSTANDER

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LONDON

SEPTEMBER 8, 1948

Vol. CLXXXIX, No. 2461

THIS ISSUE

Edinburgh. For the second year the International Festival of Music and Drama is living up to its name and enjoying the social and cultural success it deserves. Yehudi Menuhin, whose portrait we reproduce on page 295 is among the many leading artistes who are appearing. Some of the visitors are pictured on pages 304 and 305.

•

Hampshire Hogs. This famous amateur side enjoyed some first rate cricket at Winchester against the Royal Hampshire Regiment. Excellent weather made this occasion as delightful for the spectators as the players. Photographs will be found on pages 296 and 297.

•

Junior Tennis. At Frinton-on-Sea the younger tennis players had a magnificent opportunity to display their skill in the junior tournament. New candidates for the selectors' lists for future Wimbledons will be found on pages 300 and 301.

•

The Ballater Ball. The peak of the Scottish season is marked by this important social occasion which is as decorative as it is delightful. Pictures of some of those present to enjoy this function are on pages 298 and 299.

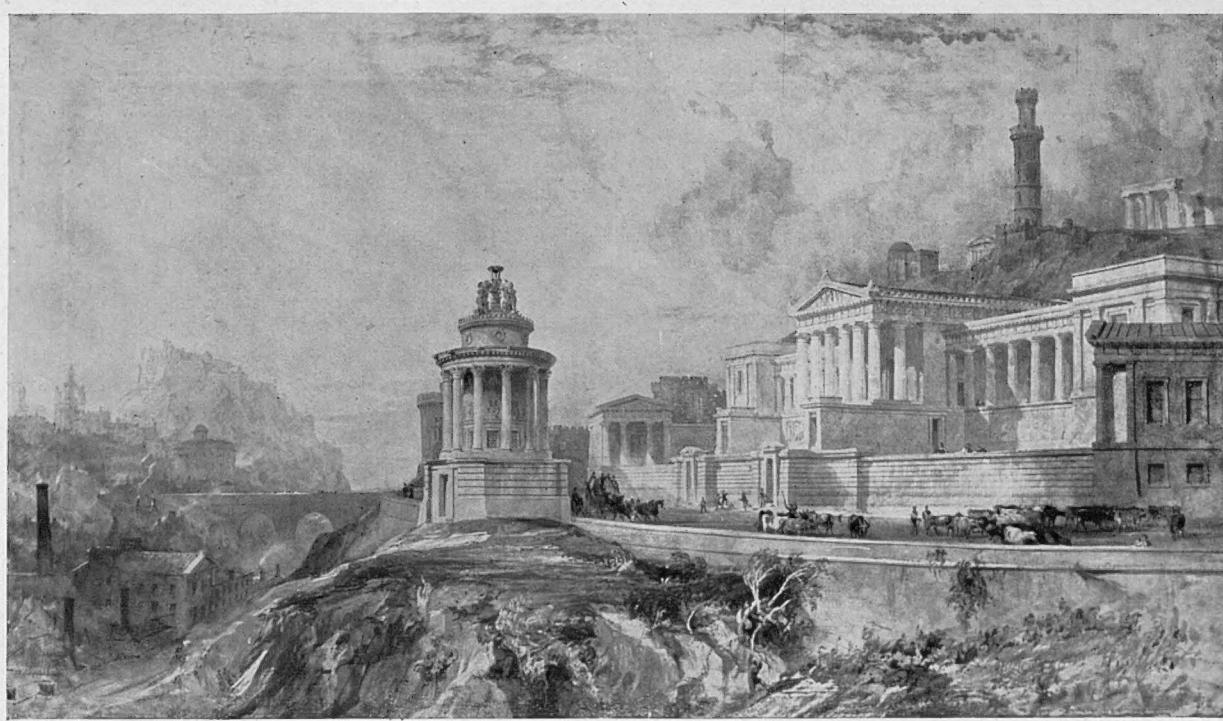
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Bembridge Regatta. The Solent was once again the setting for the annual village regatta, which provided some skilful racing in all classes and, despite rough weather, a great deal of fun for the many keen entrants. Pictures on pages 308 and 309.



MISS EILEEN HERLIE, whose performance in the title rôle of Medea has been acclaimed in Edinburgh, will shortly be playing in this production in the West End. Easily the most outstanding of the younger dramatic actresses of to-day, Miss Herlie made her mark in London as the queen in Jean Cocteau's *The Eagle has Two Heads*, and has since appeared as Gertrude in the film *Hamlet* with Sir Laurence Olivier

Angus McBean



"The Royal High School, Edinburgh," a painting by Thomas Hamilton, is one of the exhibits from the Royal Scottish Academy's permanent collection which is being shown during the Festival. All the present members of the R.S.A. are also exhibiting and the show includes a number of works by the great French impressionists, Bonnard and Vuillard

Some Portraits in Print

ONE needs to be wise these days to explain—even to oneself—the multiplicity of paradox presented by the apparent contents of a country's larder.

I was walking rather early in the morning across Paris from the Ile de la Cité to the Place Vendôme and by a route which took me by the vast Les Halles markets, from which food of every description was spilling into nearby streets, so that traffic was impeded by the picturesque profusion. In my hand I held two Paris morning papers. One was French and the headlines commented lugubriously on the wicked food shortage, while the other was American and informed that Marshall supplies would soon be on their way.

Am I to assume that all this food—miles of it—is only for the wicked rich? That most of it is to be eaten before day is out only by my compatriots from hungry Albion? And what food can America send to supplement this richness of fruit and vegetable, this feast for the carnivorous?

To tell the truth, nothing of the kind was really in my mind on this walk: if anything but envy, it was a few lines from a verse long-forgotten, but which, I think, was penned by E. V. Lucas and started:

"Happy Parisians
Sit in the street
Talking and dreaming of
Things they will eat."

Of course, any Parisian to-day will deny that he is happy in any way at all, but he makes a good show of it.

He is still inclined to carry his religious principles beyond the door of his church on a Sunday, and echo St. Luke's "take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry"—even if the turn of political events impels him often to add "for to-morrow we die."

One thing is certain: that a Frenchman's idea of being hungry and our own are calculated on different bases.

The evening before, a taxi driver, complaining of a tip, had said brusquely, "d'you know it costs me 150 francs (about 3s. 6d.) to get my

beefsteak?" and was answered even more brusquely in French by my companion (whom he had thought to be English) that he was a lucky man ever to have a beefsteak at all, and that not for years had she eaten a beefsteak in England and that not even a thousand francs would buy one and he ought to be grateful for the tip he got.

After which cordial exchange we parted on amicable terms.

LOOKING at the present food positions on both sides of the Channel—we with the milk and bread, they with the meat and everything else—one's mind is carried back to that day eight years ago when Mr. Churchill made his tremendous reciprocal offer. I was surprised the other day to find it forgotten by an otherwise well-informed man. "Every citizen of France will enjoy immediately citizenship of Great Britain, every British subject will become a citizen of France . . . the two Parliaments will be formally associated . . . indissoluble union of unyielding resolution in common defence of justice and freedom."

What might have happened had it been accepted!

I was in Paris on the night Mr. Churchill passed through on his way to Aix-en-Provence last month. Without being asked for it, the French had supplied a special coach and when he got to Aix his hotel room was hung with a fine collection of pictures, doubtless to stimulate his own brush. If Mr. Churchill ever wants to pack up in English politics he might always get a Prime Minister's job in France (not that that is much of an honour, true) for the French venerate "le grande homme d'état."

Rather quaintly, Mr. Morrison—who confronts Mr. Churchill in the House—has been confronting him across sixty miles or so of French territory in Provence. He went to Cavalairé.

I had occasion one day a fortnight ago to pay a call on a minor member of the French Government and discuss the political scene in our two countries.

The position in France was, he assured me, absolutely settled for quite a time. Stability was in the air. Confidence was being restored . . . within thirty-six hours this gentleman was out on the street and his luxurious desk unattended. So was the rest of the Government.

At least, a union of the two countries might have introduced some measure of real stability to the battered arena of French politics.

Back again to the subject of the average Frenchman's idea of adequate cuisine, I sat in a restaurant car next to a table where presently (it was at the last service) some of the train crew were given their lunch. Here was the menu:

Melon
Hors d'oeuvres
(tomato, sardines, saucisson)
Ravioli
Beefsteak
(three thick slices)
Pommes Friture
Petit Suisse Cheese
Grapes

WITH this they drank an average of half a bottle of red wine each. What would an English railwayman think of a repast of this magnitude just in the ordinary way of his business? And I dare say the Frenchmen were critical of the cooking. Now, for the fare-paying passenger, this lunch was reasonably expensive, working out—with service percentage—at about 14s. On the other hand, you could add a liqueur at 1s. 6d., and a supplementary dish for 2s. 6d. Yet I have dined equally well for 5s., and not so satisfactorily (for the railway cooking can be good) for £1.

The topic of food is indeed difficult to escape from—even should one wish to do so.

Talking of some of the French regional dishes, I remembered that at a rather grey moment of the war I made a list of all the delicious things that we have better on this side of the Channel: breakfast bacon, sausages, marmalade, tea properly made (indeed, the English breakfast at its best is a superb meal and I only regret I somehow lost the taste for

it through the lean years). Then there are our biscuits, our former idea of roast beef, kippers, madeira cake, strawberries, grouse, bitter-beer-that-was with a hunk of cottage loaf and cheese. There is another quotation that comes to mind, and again I don't know its author:—

"When I demanded of my friend
The food that he preferred.
He said, 'A large cold bottle
And a small hot bird.'"

I came upon the much-travelled kipper on a Riviera menu as "Kipper grillé à l'Anglais." It was listed among the hors d'oeuvres.

Most of the food of that delectable coast is much-travelled, for the Alpine hinterland is largely barren. The meat market is as far away as Auvergne in the centre of France, so that your dinner comes to you some hundreds of miles by rail—which makes it difficult to explain why prices are so much lower than in Paris, with larders all around it. But the Riviera hinterland is not all barren. A well-known connoisseur of such things, M. Alfred Scheck, introduced me to a cheese I had never heard of, a Roblochon, which is halfway between a Camembert and a Pont-l'Évêque.

There is plenty of crayfish in the Alpine streams, and trout, with such exotic delicacies as roasted chamois and a kind of mushroom that has a taste of honey. Truffles, too, (not as fine as those of Perigord) but the region is deficient in wines. Bellet is about the best and there is not much of it.

SOMETHING kindly should be written of the new school of American tourist which is now invading Europe.

I should think indeed an entertaining volume might be compiled of the "No-Longer Innocents Abroad," with some of those illustrations of the American tourist in padded shoulders, and ball-toed shoes (circa. 1905) whom *Punch* persisted in depicting as typical late into the 'thirties.

The American tourist of to-day is quiet and well-mannered, and bears no resemblance to those who used to "hit it up" at Harry's bar in the hectic 'twenties, or hang about Frank's at the Ritz.

A great flood of American students seems to have invaded Europe, carefree youngsters mostly carrying a pack, and both well-informed and eager to learn more. I found myself among some parties of them on my way back to England. Two twenty-year-old girls from New England were making a trip from Grenoble (where they had been studying since last autumn) to some sort of youth congress in Ireland, and had got separated from their friends in Paris, taking the Calais instead of the Dieppe route, which allowed them about twenty minutes to get from Victoria to Euston.

This predicament did not deter them one bit, although they said they did not want to spoil their first impressions of London by too hasty a visit as they were coming here properly in the spring.

I should like to see more of our own youngsters go wandering off like this, not in organized mass parties, but with a gay assurance that everything is fun even when it looks as if it is going to turn out at its worst.

Something kindly might be written about French manners, too; I have found them on the whole far more polite than before the war, especially the railway workers.

Postscript: Arriving at Dover, and inquiring at 5.45 p.m., whether I might sample a glass of nut-brown English ale, I was informed by the young person in charge of the station buffet: "Don't open till six-thirty!"

I knew then that I was home.

—**Gordon Beckles**



Love's New Look

My Love has eyes which glow as bright
As fluorescent daylight-lamps
Of more than the permitted amps
Beneath a brow as dazzling white
As memories of pre-war bread;
And curls fall dark around her head
That glint like first grade anthracite.

Her lips, commercial-petrol red,
Are sugarer than saccharine,
And in her cheeks are blushes seen
The pinkest spam could never spread.
Her charms in sooth are up to date—
But, ah, if only I could state
Her favour was unrationed.

—Justin Richardson



Oscar Marcus

The Scott Memorial seen from an unusual angle. The gardens this year are a special feature of the festival

*Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt*

At the Theatre

*Edinburgh Festival
Plays*

EDINBURGH'S leading newspaper used to carry on Saturday mornings three crowded columns of church advertisements. Flippant Englishmen, comparing this noble sight with the meagre column in which plays and concerts were announced, professed to have hit upon the city's real idea of entertainment.

The second Festival, even more lavish than the first, puts such feeble joking to the blush. So many secular attractions beckon the visitor from all sides that he is afflicted by agonies of indecision: from morn till night he suffers the pains of a chameleon tossed on a plaid shawl. Yet it is to be observed that the genius of the place has asserted itself. Of the two plays so far produced easily the more popular is a sixteenth-century sermon.

It is preached against the pre-Reformation church and its corrupt clergy who fattened on their exactions from the poor; it is a roaring, flaring stage romp, a gleeful satire well salted with earthy humour; yet *The Three Estates* is, for all that, a sermon. It warns wantons and lashes all the civil as well as the ecclesiastical flummery of the medieval world. Audiences in the Assembly Hall, the parliament-house of the Church of Scotland, enjoy it for at least four reasons. The preacher, Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, is a natural humorist and a natural dramatist, giving each fierce moral

a comic coat and inventing a fresh, vivid situation for each phase of his preaching. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie has directed the piece on a platform stage in such a way that it never ceases to be a beautiful and exciting spectacle. The other two reasons are that the satire has been mercifully and shrewdly compressed by Mr. Robert Kemp—a performance at Cupar in 1552 is reported to have lasted practically all day—and that it is presented by Scotland's best native players.

At the Lyceum Theatre an American version of *Medea* is directed by Mr. John Gielgud. It is a re-writing that reduces the ancient drama to terms of plain and unpoetic statement, and Miss Eileen Herlie is gravely handicapped by its want of dignity and melody in her immensely skilful attempt to make Medea great. Technically, her performance is remarkably good, but it somehow fails to be moving. It presents a Medea who is horrible and, pathologically considered, pathetic, but never terrible. Her reason has been corrupted, she is more than a little mad; and we do not see her as a splendid barbarian woman in whom the passion of hatred quickens and clarifies reason. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt is emotionally more effective with her account of the revolting revenge which Medea has taken on her supplanter.

"Eden End" (Duchess)

IT is all too easy (as Mr. Somerset Maugham remarks) to imitate a prolific creative writer by insisting on the goodness of some early work of his. However, *Eden End*, to my thinking, is Mr. Priestley's best play, and the present revival admirably perpetuates the quiet beauty of its autumnal colouring. Miss Angela Baddeley is the North Country doctor's daughter who returns home, an actress who has failed in both art and life, to threaten hopes that have sustained her stay-at-home sister, a hard, unlovable creature who fights and wins a barren victory. The sister is no less excitingly played by Miss Jessica Spencer, a young actress with three fine consecutive performances to her credit. Mr. Nicholas Hannen is the country doctor whose half-regrets that he has not sought the glittering prizes of Harley Street gave the play its special poignancy.

The actorson-in-law, fifth-rate actor and good sort, is tactfully and comically managed by Mr. Eric Berry. Mr. Michael MacEwan produces with a sensitive and skilful touch, but is there no way of speeding up the opening scene in which the author lays on the local colour of his characters' past history with what now seems a somewhat leisurely hand?



"Women can't stand seeing men enjoy themselves, by themselves, old boy." Charles Appleby (Eric Berry) as the experienced trumper and Wilfred Kirkby (Brian Nissen) return home late after an evening at the "White Hart." Stella (Angela Baddeley) and Lilian (Jessica Spencer), Dr. Kirby's two daughters, look on with despair and disdain. This revival of "Eden End," by J. B. Priestley, shows how well the play wears



The period setting for the Mozart opera has been designed by Hamish Wilson. The work is sung in Italian



Don Giovanni (Paolo Silveri) is watched by Masetto (Ian Wallace) who fears for the safety of Zerlina, his affianced bride



DON GIOVANNI now being played at the Edinburgh Festival by the Glyndebourne company has been called the world's greatest opera and critics have written of the demonic power of the music. In this production Donna Elvira (above) is sung by Christina Carroll, and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra is conducted by Rafael Kubelik. *Cosi Fan Tutte* is also in the repertoire



The statue of the murdered Commendatore (David Franklin) comes to life and calls upon the Don to repent his life of sin



Donna Anna (Ljuba Welitsch) with her fickle lover, whose fate she finally encompasses

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Eyes on Edinburgh

LONDON has felt almost provincial this week. For the film critic it has been tantalizing to be confined to Metropolitan cinemas, faced with the same old factory-made film fiction, while the really tempting and original new work is being shown in Edinburgh. The programme before me of the Second International Festival of Documentary Films (put on again as a sideshow of the greater Festival) would revive the most jaded and jaundiced filmgoer's enthusiasm.

What the eye does not see . . . Robert Flaherty's first feature film for ten years, *The Louisiana Story*; Rossellini's great documentary of post-war Berlin, *Germany Year Zero*; Edinburgh's own *Waverley Steps* (would it be nationalistic to suggest this should be listed under "Scotland" instead of Great Britain?); half a dozen shorts each from Italy, Sweden and Denmark (including one by Carl Dreyer, director of *Day of Wrath* and of the earlier classic, *The Passion of Joan of Arc*); a long list from Canada whose official documentary unit grew up under the guidance of John Grierson; and to wind up, the Franco-Norwegian picture, *The Battle of Heavy Water*, of which I heard reports this summer, both in Norway and in France, that may yet move me to Edinburgh for the last day of the film festival, to see that one film alone lest another year go by before it reaches London.

That is my own short list of films over which the mind would particularly grieve if London eyes were never to see them. It is perfectly proper, that something special should be saved up for the Festival and nobody need grumble that many of these films have been here in storage for months, provided only that they do reach London sometime. Last year's precedent gives no guarantee that Londoners ever will see them. We have still not had *Paisa*, the big Italian success of last year's Festival. There may have been technical reasons in that case, but I suspect a general tendency in the commercial cinema still to despise—or perhaps fear—the documentarists.

Such an old-fashioned view is shortsighted. For if the cinema is to find fresh inspiration it will almost certainly come from the direction of documentary (though not necessarily in the form of *The Naked City*). What is most striking is that it is in documentary, in the films with a core of hard fact that we most often find the poetry of the cinema, while the fiction film, where imagination may run riot, plods on as humdrum and as prosaic (with very few exceptions) as daily journalism.

POETRY and prose, the two forms are vividly illustrated by contrasting Rossellini's *Germany Year Zero*—which was shown at the Edinburgh Festival and which I was lucky enough to see privately some months ago—with any of the attempts to film the wreckage of Germany which have been publicly shown in London. I have now seen one Italian, two American, one shorter British, and one German film on this theme. They also

illustrate the national characteristics of their creators. The German wallowed in morbid sentimentalism; the Americans, in differing degrees, are undeniably vulgar and tasteless but compensate by their staggering, stinging candour in the objective style of certain news reporting; the British effort *Shadow of the Ruhr* (New Gallery), cannot strictly be compared, being only an issue of *This Modern Age*, which tries to compress the history of German aggression since Bismarck and Four-Power bickering since Potsdam into twenty minutes, but for the record it is well-meaning, fair-minded and ineffectual.

Only the Italian version of this apocalyptic subject brought to it the humane detachment which has been the wonder of every other Italian film we have had. Only Rossellini showed us the Berliners as living creatures in the midst of their misery; and showed for them a profound, impersonal pity, wholly unsentimental, which could wring even so hardened a Vansittartite heart as my own. Only Rossellini let the ruins look not like dreary shadows but stark bleached bones in the cruel glare of the sun (which is how I remember the ruins of Warsaw) and concentrated all the guilt and grief of Germany into the figure of one little boy followed by the camera through the ruins to his suicide in that elegiac last sequence. Only Rossellini could make poetry of Berlin.

MEANWHILE London must put up with an American view of the same scene in *A Foreign Affair* (Carlton). Undoubtedly many people will find this bit of horseplay among the ruins in the worst possible taste. So it is, and Brackett and Wilder who made *The Lost Week-End* are still not the much-needed successors to Lubitsch, but for me the staggering candour of American self-satire, as astringent as the American commentaries on the B.B.C., is ample compensation. Nobody survives this devastating debunking of life in the American Zone, except the honest Colonel (a perfect unsentimental performance by Millard Mitchell) trying at once to keep his boys in hand in

this inferno, and to protect them from themselves as well as from busybodies at home, and Marlene Dietrich, her old self again as a night-club queen who has come down in the world from being the girl friend of high Nazis to become the toast of the Allied troops and in particular of an unprincipled American captain (John Lund).

Everybody else is remorselessly exposed. The Committee of Congressmen (with Congresswoman Jean Arthur) who come out to investigate the morale of the occupation troops are a lot of ninnies totally unequal to the situation. The troops themselves are a bunch of barbarian black-marketeers. The odious minor Nazi who, when asked not to click his heels so much, can only grovel in servility, we next see again as a policeman entitled to bully again to his heart's content. The captain sees no harm in tampering with documents to conceal his



"... that may yet move
me to Edinburgh"

girl friend's Nazi record. If this nasty specimen had been shot as the plot demands, instead of being sent home to canoodle with his "Congresswoman darling," the film could have justified its vulgar impudence by the savage bite of its dialogue. As it is the honours are all Marlene Dietrich's, back on her home ground and as haggardly provocative as ever she was in *The Blue Angel*. When those legs vanish finally up the steps followed by the six military police detailed to take her safely to prison, there isn't a doubt who will come off best.

TO emphasize the provincial atmosphere, the week's most incontrovertibly entertaining film is *All My Sons* (New Gallery). Those who cannot go to the Globe theatre to see Mr. Joseph Calleia's fine performance as the father in the original play will find the film a conscientious photoplay of this modern tragedy, preferable certainly to a stage performance by an inferior touring company. They will find Edward G. Robinson a shade less tense perhaps than Mr. Calleia as the man who let twenty-one planes-full of other people's sons die to save the factory for his own, but as moving in his own way. They may find Mady Christians in the film more convincing as well as more cosy than Margalo Gillmore as the poor mother, cracking under the strain. They will miss the fine performance of Richard Leech as the son, for Burt Lancaster, who plays it in the film is almost in the Errol Flynn class for immobile features, which only register this more sympathetic part by appearing to be carved out of felt instead of a block of wood. They will thereby miss much of the force of the dilemma between father and son, as they will miss the fine craftsmanship, the compact construction of the play which has to be broken down and spread out to give the film mobility—however pointless. Nevertheless the play has enough dramatic vitality to make a film which is faithful to it in its fashion satisfying above the average.

TO a schoolmaster's child, Hugh Walpole's *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Trail* was one of the bogey tales of early youth. The film version (Gaumont, Haymarket and Marble Arch Pavilion) is another painstaking affair. School buildings do look more like film sets than most real houses, but somehow that doesn't help the film to feel like a school; and the dismal story of downtrodden assistant masters remains depressing instead of horrific, as Marius Goring's Mr. Perrin remains a very clever character performance instead of coming to life as a real person.

Once a year or so it is salutary to see evidence that the French can make a film as futile and inept as any other when they try—or don't try. *Un Revenant* (Academy) is this year's object lesson, so far.



"... all my sons"

YEHUDI

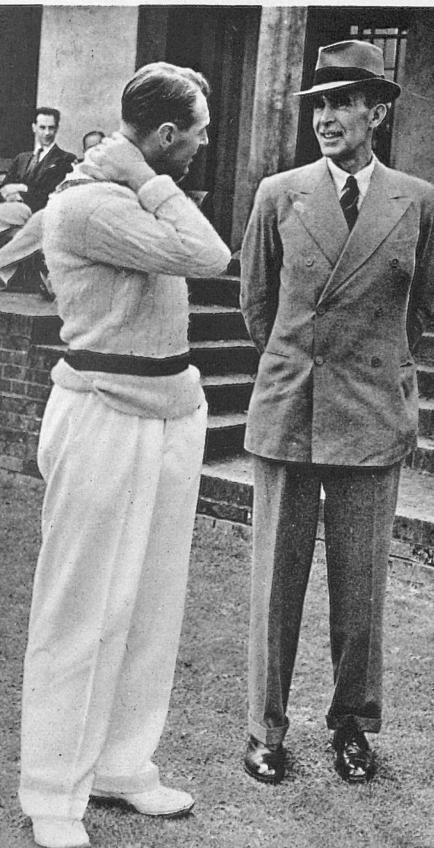
MENUHIN

Among the many distinguished musicians who have entranced the critical audiences at the Edinburgh Festival is Yehudi Menuhin, probably the most intellectually gifted of modern violinists. He is a leading interpreter of Beethoven, and Scotland is fortunate in having heard the violin sonatas so immaculately rendered. Born in New York thirty-six years ago, Menuhin was a celebrity at eleven and an international star far beyond the prodigy stage before he was out of his teens. He has personally raised several million dollars for the relief of victims of persecution of all nations and music is the richer not only for his playing but for his researches into the rare and important "lost" concerto of Schumann and the ten-year-old Mozart's *Adelaide*.





Mr. D. A. A. Gray, Lt.-Col. J. Maxwell Lee, D.S.O., and Mr. I. N. R. Shield, captain of the Hampshire Hogs, watching the game in progress from the front of the pavilion



Major J. S. Gratton talking to Brigadier P. H. Cadoux-Hudson, M.C., Colonel of the Royal Hampshire Regiment

"The Tatler" at— A NOTABLE CRICKET MATCH IN HAMPSHIRE

A county occasion of real delight to English eyes is the annual match between the Royal Hampshire Regiment and the Hampshire Hogs, which was played on the 1st XI ground at Winchester. It provided not only some excellent cricket, but a Regimental reunion. H.M. the King recently advised cadets to study the record of the 2nd Battalion in Tunisia, under Lt.-Col. J. Maxwell Lee, D.S.O.



Cmdr. W. P. Barbers, who played for the Hogs, watching the match with Mr. C. Clegg and Mrs. Robin Cowen



Mr. I. N. R. Shield and Major K. Fletcher, captain for the Royal Hampshire Regiment, watch the spin of the coin as they toss up before the match



The Winchester College ground provided an attractive setting for the game with the square tower of Winchester Cathedral in the background behind the trees. Two Hampshire Hog batsmen are seen running between the wickets before a boundary was signalled



Mr. F. G. Irving of the Hampshire Hogs, Mr. M. N. Austin, Royal Hampshire Regiment, and Mrs. M. N. Austin



Keen supporters of the Regiment were Mrs. P. H. Cadoux-Hudson, Mrs. J. Maxwell Lee, Col. J. Maxwell Lee and their son, David



Major C. Perkin, Major H. Le Patourel, V.C., and Mrs. Perkin were three more spectators who saw the Hampshire Hogs win by 69 runs



Mrs. and Brigadier J. C. Hudson talking to Major H. J. Jeffrey, secretary of the Royal Hampshire Regiment Committee



Mrs. Predare Shaw, Col. W. H. Middleton, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, General Sir George Jeffreys and his grandson, George Jeffreys, watching on the first day of this two-day match



Tasker, Press Illustrations
Miss Jenifer Harvey in conversation with Fritz, a St. Bernard captured by the Regiment at Arromanches on D-Day and now the Regimental mascot



The Ballater County Ball at Victoria Hall, Ballater, was held with all the customary colour and gaiety that one expects from this annual social occasion prior to the Highland Games. Here pipers play for the dancing of a reel

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: The one real rest away from public duties which Their Majesties the King and Queen and the two Princesses are able to enjoy during the year is at Balmoral each summer, although in the case of the King, the mail which arrives from London by helicopter each day, with numerous documents for him to read and sign, entails a good deal of work. The people of Deeside, appreciating that this is their Royal neighbours' holiday, are careful to see that these weeks at Balmoral are as private and undisturbed as possible.

The weather this year has been unkind; but in spite of this the King has frequently been out shooting with his men guests and has been joined often for a picnic lunch by the Queen and Princess Margaret, and ladies of the Royal household. Other days have been spent enjoying the fine gardens at Balmoral, which, like other Scottish gardens, are later than in England and always at their best at this time of year.

TH E Duke of Edinburgh flew north from his naval duties in Devonshire to spend his three weeks' leave with Princess Elizabeth at Balmoral, and arrived a few days before Princess Margaret's eighteenth birthday. This event was celebrated very quietly with a small tea party. There was an iced birthday cake adorned with eighteen candles—much to the joy of the young Princes William and Richard of Gloucester, who had motored over with their parents from nearby Birkhall—and a small dinner party, which the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester also attended, with other members

of the house party at Balmoral. Princess Margaret, who was born in Scotland, shares a love of that country with her sister and her parents, who are as fond of Balmoral as the King's great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, who first went to Balmoral 100 years ago this week.

It was not then the Castle we know to-day; it was a small, compact house, which at first Her Majesty rented, and into which it was only just possible to fit the family. But both the Queen and the Prince Consort loved the solitude and wonderful mountain air of Balmoral and decided to buy the property and build a bigger and more suitable residence. This was designed by the Prince Consort, and in a few years Balmoral Castle as it is to-day was built and became one of the favourite homes of Queen Victoria.

In those days the train did not run as far north as Aberdeen, so for their first visit the Royal party embarked at Woolwich on the Royal yacht and travelled by sea, disembarking at Waterloo quay, Aberdeen, where flags flew for miles to celebrate the first Royal visit, and triumphal arches were built along the route to Balmoral, where the Royal party proceeded by coach, changing horses at Banchory, Aboyne and Ballater. A few days previously a ship had arrived from London with all the luggage, five carriages and ten grey horses from the Royal Mews. What a contrast to the quiet and informal arrival of the Royal party at Ballater these days!

This year, I hear, neither of the Princesses had their dogs with them on leads on arrival

at Ballater Station, as in previous years. Since they were tiny children they have always arrived for their vacation leading one of their favourite corgies; this year the two corgies and two terriers were taken off the train by a porter and put in one of the Royal cars. The only Royal holiday-maker to arrive with a dog this year was the Duchess of Gloucester, who is still faithful to Australian terriers, and arrived at Ballater with hers tucked under her arm, on her way to Birkhall with the Duke of Gloucester and their two sons.

I hear that the King and Queen are soon going to have new neighbours at Balmoral. Col. Eric Mackenzie has recently sold Glenmuick, in Aberdeenshire, which marches with Balmoral, and which he inherited from his cousin, to Sir Ian Walker, who is a very fine shot as well as a first-class polo player. Sir Ian ought to enjoy a lot of good sport at Glenmuick, where there is excellent stalking, a three-mile stretch of salmon-fishing on the Dee and first-class grouse moors, where in good years as many as 3000 brace have been shot in one season. Sir Ian and Lady Walker and their young family spend most of their time at lovely Osmaston Manor, in Derbyshire, where he is Joint-Master of the Meynell, but he also owns other lands in Scotland.

SPEAKING of grouse moors, I have heard varied reports from many parts of Scotland, and in most cases, although birds are not plentiful, there are many more about than last year and the prospects of a complete recovery in the next few years to normal bags seem much brighter. The season so far has been

exceptionally wet and cold, and on many moors, including Balmoral, guns did not go out on the Twelfth owing to the weather. Sir Malcolm and Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey set out with their party of ten guns to shoot over Gellan, in Aberdeenshire, but after an hour of torrential rain they decided it was more sensible to give it up and conserve the birds for another day. In Perthshire there were varied reports: Mr. Tom Burrell with six guns, including the Earl of Mansfield and his son, Lord Stormont, Sir Nigel Mordaunt, Mr. George Finlay and Col. Frank Douglas and his son, Mr. John Douglas, shooting in wild and wet weather got a bag of 50 brace over Lochan, and on Auchlyne Col. Crabbie and his party shot 21 brace in a short day.

At Grandtully Castle, Capt. Gilbey and his party shot 50 brace; at Edradora, Mr. A. E. Berry and a party of six guns shot 24 brace; in Angus, on the Twelfth, the Hon. David Hely Hutchinson shot over the moors adjoining Rothal Lodge and with six guns got 24 brace; and the Earl of Dalhousie, shooting over Invermark with two other guns, got 53 brace. The Earl has let several of his moors this year. The Duke of Roxburgh and Col. William Stirling have taken Millden and Retreat, and with four other guns had a bag of 93½ brace on their first day over Millden. Mr. Herbert Pulitzer is over from New York and has rented Gannochy, and with three guns on their first day shot 30 brace. Hunthill has been let by the Earl of Dalhousie to Mr. Beach, also of New York, who had Mr. Hartley, Mr. Pillot and Mr. Webb, from New York, and Mr. Kline, from Maryland, walking over the moors with him on their opening day, when they got 45 brace.

In spite of the inclement weather in Perthshire the Earl of Mansfield managed to hold his annual cricket week at Scone, when some of the young neighbours and visitors in the district were able to show their prowess on this delightful ground. This year the Earl of Mansfield's eleven played two matches against an eleven captained by the Earl of Southesk, whose side included those two useful bats, the brothers Hugh and Anthony de Crespiigny, Lt.-Cdr. Thackeray and Major Campbell Adamson. Playing for the Earl of Mansfield were Earl Cadogan, who was in great batting form, Lord Forteviot, who in the second match hit up a useful 28, Lord Stormont and Mr. H. L. Dewhurst, who plays for the Perthshire County eleven.

Another day there was a match against an eleven captained by Major Jimmy Drummond Hay, when the home side were successful by four runs. This was an exciting match all round, as on the morning of the match Major Drummond Hay found he was a man short in his side and called up his brother-in-law, the Earl of Selkirk,

and asked him to play. He gallantly responded, packed his bag, and piloting his own 'plane flew over and landed at Scone Aerodrome just before play started.

To-morrow, September 9th, is the world première of *Saraband for Dead Lovers*, starring Françoise Rosay and Stewart Grainger, to be given at the Leicester Square Theatre in aid of the Caldecott Community for Children. Viscountess Mountbatten is president of the Première and her elder daughter Lady Brabourne, is the chairman, and has been working really hard to make the première a success. I have just heard that Lt.-Col. R. M. G. Lloyd, who has so efficiently organised those gigantic affairs, the Five Arts and the Town and Country Balls at the Albert Hall, has taken on running the Film Ball, which will take place at Grosvenor House on November 1st. The Duchess of Northumberland is chairman of the committee, who are running it in aid of the Royal Pioneer Corps Association. This occasion seems likely to justify its title, as many screen stars have promised to be present and are serving on the committee, including Noel Coward, Clive Brook, Ann Todd, Patricia Roc, John Mills and Pamela Brown.

MANY tenants and employees of the estates of Careston and Stracathro came to the christening party given by Major and Mrs. W. C. Campbell Adamson at Careston Castle after their son and heir had been baptised James Shaw Campbell Adamson by the Rev. James Anderson in Brechin Cathedral. As there are no godparents in the Presbyterian Church the baby's father suggested that thirty of his tenants should "adopt" the young laird, a duty they were all delighted to undertake. At the christening party they presented the baby with a pair of silver hairbrushes, a silver porringer and table-napkin rings.

Major Campbell Adamson inherited Stracathro some years ago from his cousin, the late Hugh Campbell, who had a magnificent voice and, although a rather shy person, gave several concerts in London. His death from pneumonia when in his prime was a great shock to his numerous friends. Careston Castle came to Major Campbell Adamson from his grandfather, the late Mr. William Shaw Adamson.

The Edinburgh Festival is now in full swing. Unfortunately I was unable to get up for the opening this year, as it came too near the Dublin Horse Show, about which I will be writing next week. I plan to visit Edinburgh for a few days at the end of the second week of the Festival, and hope to be able to tell you something about it then.



Dancing the "Gay Gordon" was Mr. Stuart Hamilton, who had as his partner Miss Elaine Hay



Mr. David Crake dances with Miss Jill Wright at this very successful ball held in Aberdeenshire



Distinguished Scottish Personalities Attend the Ballater County Ball

Lord Glentanar, D.L., J.P., with Capt. A. A. Compton, M.C., of Invercauld, Chieftain of the Games, with Lord Glentanar's daughter, the Hon. Jean Coats sit out for one of the dances



Mrs. Harrison-Broadley, Major Sandy Stavert and Miss J. Cunningham-Jardine have supper together during the evening



THE TATLER
and Bystander
SEPTEMBER 8, 1948

200

Paul Folkes and Miss Helen Smith were two winners who were delighted with their silver cups



Taking it easy between games were Miss Sally Garnham, David Wright, Miss Jane Roch, Robin Burnett, Miss Pandora Medwin and Miss Deirdre Fuller

A DAY'S TENNIS IN THE SUN AT



Julian and Miss Jane Sheffield were also worthy prizewinners in this well-organised tournament



Miss T. Cobbold partnered by the Hon. J. Ganzoni, son of Lord Belstead, at the start of a match



Mrs. Dorothy Bland, Mrs. D. Hindley Smith, and Sir Harold Parker, Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Defence, were among the onlookers



Miss Jill Clifford-Turner and Victoria Sykes have a serious discussion on all matters concerning the game of tennis



Miss Carolyn Hunter presents a bouquet to Mrs. Edward Clifford-Turner before the start of the tournament



Miss Diana Huggins, eldest daughter of Sir John Huggins, Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica, and Lady Huggins, with Lord Fairfax



Competitors take time off for tea near the club-house during the afternoon



David Garrett accompanies Miss Anne Elmslie on to the court to play one of their matches

THE FRINTON-ON-SEA TOURNAMENT



A family group of four generations which includes Mrs. M. Southey, Mrs. William Nelson (her granddaughter), Mrs. J. Astley Rushton (her daughter), and Deirdre Nelson (her great-granddaughter)



Two successful entrants in the mixed doubles were Jonathan Benson and Miss Amanda Legge



Jeremy Lyon and Miss Jill Lavers were two more who enjoyed this strenuous but pleasant day devoted to lawn tennis



Rackets and smiles accompany three cheers for the winners of this tournament which has proved so popular every year. These junior tournaments do much to encourage the young enthusiasts of the game and give valuable experience for future competitive play



Charles Benson and the Hon. Marye Pepys, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cottenham, discuss rackets

Photographs by Swaebe

Priscilla in Paris

For Dear Life

WHILE the price of *le biftek* continued to soar Parisians were hopefully waiting to see the result of M. Paul Reynaud's courageous warnings and equally courageous but nebulous promises that everything in the garden (we are planting mustard and cress in our window-boxes) will be lovely if . . . and that little "if" is singularly disquieting. Now he has gone, but still the daily editorials show a forest of exclamation marks and their criticisms are, as usual, more destructive than constructive. "Produce or Perish!" is the flamboyant title of one article amongst many. An excellent slogan, but how to live up to it is another matter. We feel like the office-boy who, when tackling an inextricably tangled ball of string, declared: "Somebody's been and gorn and cut off the end!" Perhaps a start might be made by allowing the workers to "produce" if they really want to. The reality of this might be discovered if the Government abolished the weekly Monday-closing that, following the Sabbath Day of Rest, paralyses the whole output of the country during forty-eight hours. But this, one imagines, is more than any Government would dare.

Meanwhile, we are again in the midst of national rejoicings and celebrations in memory of that wonderful day, four years ago, when the bells pealed out and the Occupants were hoisted from their last rat-holes in Paris. Just as the French cannot entirely realise what London went through until they see that city with their own eyes, the English cannot realise what it was to have "those people" living in our midst. One cannot grudge, therefore, one flower, one firework, one open-air ball or one fanfare to the memory of Liberation, but, taking it long and large, France rather overdoes commemorations and anniversaries. *Panem et circenses!* Not always enough bread perhaps, but certainly too many games.

Let Liberation Day and July 14th go down the ages with their proper rejoicings, but the authorities might let up a bit in the celebration of minor anniversaries. What with footpads, cat burglars and Black Market-merchants-in-a-small-way plying their trade on street corners or in the Metro, the highways of Paris present a circus that is more or less permanent. Fireworks if not fun for everybody.

THEATRICAL gossip writers have been composing tearful tributes to the passing of May de Souza, who died recently in great poverty. They speak of her as a once-famous *prima donna*. I seem to remember her, in years long, long past, simply as a singer of gay little songs.

She was a lovely brunette with long curly hair à la "World's Sweetheart," and her voice, though tiny, was sweet and true. I am quite certain that she played Cinderella to Harry Fragon's Dame in a Drury Lane pantomime one Christmas. Harry wrote several songs for her and one of them, "Whispers of Love," was whistled by every errand-boy in London. Errand-boys don't whistle in the streets nowadays. But when I come to think of it, there are no errand-boys. Do London shops and caterers "deliver" their wares? Paris has not yet returned to that agreeable custom.

A street at Deauville has been named after the late Reynaldo Hahn. France is very fond of perpetuating the names of her great men at street corners, as well as burying them in the Panthéon . . . that is rather overcrowded.



Drawing by Grambert

Jean-Louis Barrault, from the Théâtre Marigny, heads a notable cast in the French production of *Hamlet* in Edinburgh. On leaving the Army he joined the Comédie Française, then under the direction of Jacques Copeau. In 1945 he produced *Les Mal Armes*, by Mauriac, and made the film *Les Enfants du Paradis*, which had an outstanding success in London last year. Barrault's work has provoked considerable controversy, since he is an originator whose style and methods frequently flout tradition. He is a major influence in the French theatre.

Voilà!

• *Insult to injury!* A British traveller, who with great difficulty had obtained a shake-down on the billiard-table of an overcrowded provincial hotel, was justly incensed to find on his bill: "Breakfast served in room, 50 francs extra!"

This is all very well where musicians, artists, scientists and generals are concerned, but trouble often follows when the names of politicians go up, especially during their lifetime! Trouble and expense! Those blue enamel plaques are quite costly to replace . . . and so are notepaper dies!

Reynaldo was one of the most charming men I have ever known; gay and amusing, hating to be lionised and so fond of a joke. He loved dogs and detective stories, and vowed that *The Police Court Gazette* was his favourite newspaper. We used to swap tales about his Scottie and my Skye and keep each other posted aent the latest thriller. When Dorothy Sayers abandoned her Peter Wimsey output he was inconsolable till he discovered Margery Allingham. He told me, when I saw him during his last illness, that he had read *Fashions in Shrouds* three times. The milieu in which the action of that book takes place was one that appealed to him. He adored frocks. Shortly after Sarah Bernhardt died he wrote a little volume of souvenirs about that great actress. He spoke, of course, of her talent . . . of her tans . . . of her charm and gay courage, and he also described, with loving minuteness, the gowns she wore in certain rôles and on certain occasions in private life. I think that *la grande Sarah* would have loved that book.

JEAN-PIERRE AUMONT was a very vexed young man a little while back when he reached the Orly Airport to meet his wife and discovered that the plane from the States had already arrived. Maria Montez had waited patiently, but their young daughter was very indignant and ticked-off Daddy good and proper! They gave a cocktail party the other evening to celebrate the first *tour de manivelle* of the film *Hans, le Marin*—no relation of Popeye's, one presumes—that they are doing together at Marseilles. Rex Harrison was there with his wife, Lili Palmer, who is playing the rôle of a gipsy in the production. Noel Coward was one of the high-spots of the gathering. *Tout Paris* is thrilled by the news that he is to appear in the French version, by André Rousson, of his play *Present Laughter*, and since it is said that the supporting cast has not yet been entirely selected, every actress present was preening her pretty plumes and gazing on him with *ses yeux les plus doux*! What an autumn to look forward to in the theatre world. Noel Coward in Paris and playing in French! Sacha Guitry in London (but not playing in English, one hopes), and a new play by Bernstein at the Ambassadeurs, *Que de richesses, my children!*



EDINBURGH'S GREAT FESTIVAL OPENS

The first city of Scotland is holding its annual Festival of Music and Drama for the second year. The official opening was marked by a service in St. Giles' Cathedral attended by the Lord Provost, the Rt. Hon. Andrew Murray, seen here leading the civic procession from the City chambers. Following him are the Lord Mayor of London and the civic heads of the British Isles. Truly international in its choice of the world's leading artists, the Festival is proving

an even greater success than last year, particularly on the social side, and the Festival Club has been the scene of some of the season's gayest parties. Artistically this beautiful city is proving the perfect setting for an assembly of talent which has not been equalled since the great days of Salzburg. Some of the visitors who are enjoying the magnificently varied programme of entertainment are pictured overleaf.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

(continued)



General Sir Philip Christison, G.O.C.-in-C., Scottish Command, and Governor of Edinburgh Castle, with the Rt. Hon. Andrew H. A. Murray, O.B.E., the Lord Provost of Edinburgh



The Earl of Rosebery, Lady Christison and Mr. John Christie, founder of the Glyndebourne Opera, study the menu



The Lord Mayor of York, Mr. William Dobbie, M.P., samples a cigar. On his right is Lady Alexandra Hoicard-Johnston, daughter of the late Earl Haig



The Rt. Hon. Arthur Woodburn, Secretary of State for Scotland, sat next to the Countess of Haddington at the Lord Provost's supper



Two more guests at the Festival Club were Mrs. Rudolf Bing and the Rt. Hon. Sir John Anderson, M.P. for Scottish Universities



Distinguished Guests Entertained at the Festival Club by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh

Sir Hector McNeill, of Renfrewshire, and Lord Provost of Glasgow, enjoys a joke with Mrs. John Reid



Scott Bros., Edinburgh

Lady Elphinstone, sister of H.M. the Queen, arrives with Lord Glentanar, Member of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland



Mr. John Christie
the foyer of...
night



Oscar Marcus

Night falls on Scotland's capital, with the floodlit Castle overlooking famous Princes Street

SCOTLAND'S FIRST CITY MADE A PERFECT SETTING

Dinner, Receptions, Concerts and First-Nights have Marked the Opening of the Festival as the Most Delightful Social Events in a City Noted for its Hospitality no Less than for the Dramatic Beauty of its Architecture



The Opening of the Glyndebourne Opera's Festival Season

and Miss M. Buckerfield in
King's Theatre at the first-
Così Fan Tutte"

Mr. Moran Caplat, manager of the Glyndebourne Opera,
and Miss Ljuba Welitsch, who sings Donna Anna
in "Don Giovanni"

Attending the first-night of "Don Giovanni" were Miss Rodney
Murray, sister of the Lord Provost, Dr. Gal and the Lord Provost
of Edinburgh, the Rt. Hon. A. Murray



Lady Oranmore and Browne, daughter of the Hon. A. E. Guinness, talking to Cmdt. D. J. Corry



Lord Roderic Pratt, Lady Violet Vernon,
Lady Maureen Brabazon and Mr. G.
Longden



Lt.-Col. the Hon. Randal Plunkett, son of Lord Dunsany, chatting to Countess Rossi, elder daughter
of the Earl and Countess of Granard



Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt,
who were among the large party at
Luttrellstown

LUTTRELLSTOWN CASTLE BALL



The Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, who gave the ball
for her daughter, Doon, at her lovely home,
Luttrellstown Castle, with Brig. C. Brunker



Princess d'Ardia Caracciolo, formerly Miss Mary Fitzgerald, of Waterford, with Signor H. Gamero,
of the Italian Legation in Dublin



Mr. Nesbit Waddington, manager of the
Aga Khan's stud at the Curragh, with
Mrs. K. Douglas



Miss Doon Plunket, younger daughter of the Hon.
Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, sitting out after a dance
with Mr. S. Panizta, a visitor from Paris



Lady Hodson, wife of Sir Edmond
Hodson, of Bray, Co. Wicklow, with
Major A. Holt



The Hon. Mrs. Henry Llewellyn, with two members of
the Swedish jumping team, Capt. K. A. Hultberg and
Lt. Count Lewenhaupt



The Countess of Rosse and His Excellency
the Italian Minister to Eire, Signor Babuscio
Rizzo



Mrs. Charles' Bird talking to Capt.
D. A. R. Baggallay, the prominent Irish
trainer from Dunsany



Miss Kathleen Hartigan, Lady Elizabeth and Mr. Rory More
O'Ferrall were three more guests who enjoyed this ball given by
the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket



Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper and
Mr. Francis Dashwood seen taking
some refreshment

Fennell, Dublin



"Toss out the Bride!" the Best Man roared

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

To a breathless girl fashion-reporter M. Christian ("New Look") Dior remarked the other day: "A man doesn't behave the same with a woman in tulle as he does with a woman in tweeds." This is called an aphorism—the sort of crack La Rochefoucauld made his name with—and like most aphorisms, it generalises too much, perhaps.

M. Dior overlooked the typical hearty to whom tulle and tweeds are much the same, except that tweeds afford a better grip. There is a healthy little verse about a Rugger Blue's wedding-reception bearing vaguely on this:

"Toss out the Bride!" the Best Man roared,
The pack heeled well and smartly;
A forward rush. The Bridegroom scored;
A white form o'er the buffet soared;
Converted! Crash! The Bridesmaids' horde
Surged from the wrecked but festive board—
Intact, egad! Or partly.

Afterthought

As M. Dior says he gets his inspiration from his fair clients ("listening to their confidences and their hopes") one would think girls who know hearties would have mentioned this to him, between a laugh and a sob. On the other hand their hearts may be breaking, like the hearts of the two hopeless ghosts in Verlaine's poem, who might well have been brooding on this theme.

"Flared ruching to the hipline—so!
Would that go well on Baby?"—"No."
"Pompoms of glacé add a swing—"
"You don't look nice in *anything*."

This last great melancholy truth is all too rarely whispered into shell-pink ears, incidentally.

Cry

S PAIN having been added at last by the Treasury boys to the list of £35 basic-travel-allowance countries, the road to Santiago de Compostella lies once more open, as to our forefathers.

They, too, were allowed only to take a small fixed minimum of money out of the country, one discovers from the charter of a ship called *La Charité de Paynton* of Dartmouth, Captain Peter Cork, engaged in the regular pilgrimage-traffic to Compostella in the reign of Richard II. Before sailing pilgrims also had to take an oath to reveal none of the secrets of the Kingdom of England, which presumably binds one equally today for all countries, always excepting scientists bought for a few roubles and a tin of bad caviare. Likewise did our fathers suffer as damnable from the sea as we.

Thys meanewhyle the pylgrymes lye,
And have theyr bowlēs fast them bye,
And cry aftyr hote Malveoisye. . . .

Thus the old cry "Steward!" rings down the centuries, and even in 1948 all introductions are waived. Or so we deduce from a late Channel crossing, when we overheard two perfect strangers *in extremis* informing each other with almost their last gasp that it was very rough. This matiness is all right five miles out of

Standing By . . .

Calais, but may prove embarrassing when you reach Dover.

Snob Trouble

M ASTERS of Arts who took their degree at either of the two oldest Universities before embarking on a life of crime are justly critical, we find, of that portion of the recent report of H.M. Commissioners of Prisons revealing that long-term convicts are now allowed to read for a degree at London University.

They argue (a) that their loving parents had to pay through the nose for what the boys reading "inside" are now getting free, and (b) that this privilege will complicate the social problems of the British crime-racket still further. For example, a B.A. (Cantab.) ordered by an M.A. (Lond.) in charge of his gang to cut an old lady's throat during a jewel-raid would almost certainly refuse on principle.

"Cold feet?"

"No. One doesn't mind bumping off an old dame, but not at *your* orders."

"Aren't you rather a snob?"

"No, I just don't want to encourage familiarity."

The old Island story. As Chesterton observed, even charwomen have their social strata *chez nous*. This problem never worried the celebrated crook M. François Villon, M.A. (Paris), who would cheerfully have cracked a crib under even a graduate of Ajax Correspondence College, had that seat of learning then existed. One hardly knows what to say, or at least one does.

Snag

A N obviously incurable romantic crying for "more dreamers of great dreams" to solve all our troubles forgot the difficulty hinted at so exquisitely in Yeats's verse-play *At the Pump*, which you doubtless know. An old man in green boots haunted by dreams is sitting by a pump in a Celtic forest, thinking of clouds. To him enters a wild, vague, rather tiresome girl.

GIRL: Strange dreams have led me here, strange ghostly voices,
But why I know not.

O.M.: I, too, find
Myself in dreams led on and on, and then
Led back again, or round and round,
But why I do not know.
(*The Girl gives him a dirty look.*)

GIRL: I cannot think
Why I should share the same experience
As nasty, gnarled old men.
(Enter a Young Man, unperceived.)

Y.M.: By visions led,
And nameless dreams and beckoning shapes,
I come
To meet the dread High King of Shadows. Is
he here?

O.M.: He is not here.

Y.M.: I beg your pardon.

(Goes out, keening. *The Girl suddenly turns very bitter.*)

GIRL: Well, there, I never did! When Mumsie said
I might put in a little extra dreaming
Here in this forest, in a mystic way,
She never dreamed the whole damned place
would be

Lousy with dreamers!

(Exit wildly. O.M. starts keening.)

Ultimately, led by fresh dreams, they all fall down a well, which is not a bad idea, at that. For dreamers have got the world where it is at this moment—Slogger Rousseau for one, to mention no names.

Surprise

O NE of Life's more painful annual disillusionments as the years roll on (we thought, regretfully dropping an invitation-card into the waste-basket) is any Old Boys' or Old Comrades' dinner following the twenty-fifth. Only the Secretary seems to go on enjoying them.

He enjoys them because he is the Secretary-Type, a dim bulb, but you observe everybody else looking round the anteroom before the 26th dinner and muttering "Hell!" Your impressions marshal themselves swiftly as follow:

1. Everybody except you looks extraordinarily fat, bald, and boring.
2. Everybody except you seems to be unloading the same old stories.
3. You dread these stories but they naturally don't dread yours, because you are slim, youthful, gay, perfectly dressed, and a polished raconteur.

This makes you feel pretty charitable for ten minutes, after which the old familiar grey feeling envelops you. However, a genuine surprise is coming, correct us if wrong. You find yourself nodding rather distantly through the haze to an odd-looking, rather battered type at the other end of the anteroom who seems to be nodding at you. This familiarity you resent. A little later you cleave your way up to this stranger, this lout, in order to remonstrate, and you find out who he is. Hotel-people are far too fond of strewing those long gilt mirrors about their anterooms, don't you think?

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Cheese . . . ?"



Bembridge, Isle of Wight, Regatta. John Goseles carries the sail as the gear is brought ashore by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carr. The weather was too rough for some classes

Pictures in the Fire



ALL trainers are brought up to be Trappists, and this being so, when they do speak, people are very apt not to believe them, even if what they say is well backed by the Book of Form. So when My Love's trainer, Richard Carver, said that that colt had gone a good 1 mile 7 furlongs gallop at Deauville on August 14th after Bey had won in public over that distance in the Prix Kergolay, a whole lot of people at once began to make up their minds that there must be something wrong, and some even went so far as to say that the favourite would not even run in the Leger. Bey, who won the French Derby, put paid in full to the crack French three-year-old, Rigolo, who is in the same stable as My Love. Timur II., who ran third, was even more decisively beaten, yet his price for the Leger hardened. Some of—in fact, most of—the bookmakers over here at once put up the shutters after 4000 to 1000 had been laid against My Love.

There is an old German proverb which comes in quite handy here, and it goes like this : "Wer einmal lügt dem glaubt man nicht und wen er auch die Wahrheit spricht!" Of set purpose, I will not translate for the benefit of those who do not know any German, because I have always found that if you compel people to find out for themselves they are far more likely to remember. In the present connection I am sure that Mr. Richard Carver is speaking the unvarnished truth, even though he, like all his calling, has been trained to be a Trappist. The facts were public property, and my own view is that unless My Love picks up a nail, or breaks down before he goes on to the course on the 11th, he must win. Another reason has been suggested—namely, that a syndicate which is supposed to have bought him, may want to sit pat. As to this no one can know, but I think that if they intended to scratch him it would have been only fair to the public to say so at once.

CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT'S excellent book, *Successful Shooting* (Country Life, Ltd.; 12s. 6d.), makes a most seasonable appearance and, may I add, a most elegant one, for it is smartly turned out and artistically illustrated by some beautiful photographs. Add to these advantages the fact that it is written by a man who knows his subject well and is blessed by the gift of being able to pass his knowledge on, and you can have no difficulty in assessing the worth of the whole. There is not one aspect of his subject that Captain Drought has left untouched, and his book will prove as welcome a guide, philosopher and friend to the beginner as it will be a fireside companion to the grizzled sage who, I feel, will walk hand-in-hand with the author and recognise the quality of his knowledge.

Every chapter contains good instruction, but the one that has interested me the most is "Gun Dogs and Their Work." Everyone with a young dog to break will benefit by reading this chapter carefully. Captain Drought may never have read the late Lord Lonsdale's pithy contribution to the republished *The Meynellian Science*, by John Hawkes, but he thinks upon exactly the same lines where gun-dogs are concerned as Lord Lonsdale did in the case of the foxhound. Lord Lonsdale would not allow his whips to hit a hound or rate him unduly; Captain Drought is all against the same thing; and is an unbeliever in severe repression. At the same time he does not advocate coddling, but he thinks that a dog should be allowed to develop his hunting instinct. He writes, à propos that all-important breaking period :

"I do not for a moment suggest that a young dog should be allowed to run riot when and where he pleases, but I think, concurrently with the elementary training, one may with advantage give one's youngsters a considerably wider view of life than they sometimes get. One expects strict obedience and steadiness to become second nature rather in the later than the initial stages of a dog's training, so that, provided a puppy does not break fence, why should not an occasional hour of recreation be spent in hunting? He will chase

all kinds of birds. Well, let him. He will run in and flush coveys. Again let him."

But sooner or later, the author adds, we shall find that his game-finding instinct will develop, and that quite suddenly he will stiffen before he runs in and flushes. This is the moment to take him up and start his training in earnest. To this a good many people will say : "Hear, hear!" An excellent book.

COLONEL EVELYN PRINSEP, C.I.E., O.B.E., who has had a very extended experience of the "Mysterious East" which, in fact, has never been other than plain as a pikestaff—an experience which includes Japan when he was attached to the Japanese Imperial General Staff H.Q. in Siberia for sixteen months in 1921-22, has been so very kind as to send me a book of his collected verse and short stories as a reward, so he says, for a paragraph in these notes on August 4th concerning the great influence which a person called the "Asal Sahib" has had upon India all down through these many centuries. For information, this is the correct expression to describe the kind that is only found on the top shelf. "Pukka Sahib" is merely music-hall comedian. The title of this little collection is *Freshwater Gates*. The author lives at Glenbrook St. Francis, Freshwater Bay, I.O.W.

Colonel Prinsep directs my especial attention to some verses "To India." They are an exhortation to that distracted land to close her ranks at once, and anyone excepting the myopic surely can see why this is necessary. The lines north-west, and now south-east, along which deployment will be imperative, must be apparent, and it is quite unnecessary to catalogue the points on the route. What is happening is all part and parcel of an extensive scheme to compel a most disturbing distribution of force upon an enormous perimeter.

Even a united Indian Army plus the British Army in India was far too thin upon the ground ; a divided Indian Army minus the British Army in India is thinner still and is simply asking for annihilation. This must be crystal-clear to anyone who has anything inside his head with which to think.

Sabretache



Miss Rosemary Stevens, Miss Virginia Johnstone and Mr. Hugh Gough were suitably dressed as they watched from the shore with Cdr. Rupert Egan

Bembridge holds its annual one-day Regatta in gale-force winds and sweeping rain



Mrs. Michael Crichton, with Col. Michael Crichton and Vice-Cdre. Sir Derrick Gunston, found time for a chat in-between some of the events



Mrs. Michael Wood, Mrs. Peter Evelyn and Capt. G. Lees. Mrs. Wood's Svala was first in the Redwing class that day, "nominated or steered by owners"

EMMWOOD'S

WARRIOR WARBLERS (No. 15)

A former migrant from these shores which has now returned and may be observed, in its less brilliant plumage, nesting among the sleepers around the metropolis



The Great British Puffer Parrot—or Burma Bill

ADULT MALE: General colour above tawny-fulvous; the yellowish tones to be found in the bird's general colour is believed due to its inordinate consumption of the secretion of the bark of the cinchona while migrated to Burma; heavily tufted above the eye-sacs and below the beak; beak short, squat and ruby in colour; body feathers normally khaki-coloured; the bird has of late months, however, been appearing more and more in the civil tones of black and old rust; shanks sturdy and capable of supporting the heavy weights that may be placed upon its scapula bones by the weaker members of its species.

HABITS: Although the Burma Bill was, for a number of years, inclined to be overlooked by the more zealous European observers, especially so where it engaged itself in pecking and poking about in the rich, purple herbage of Burma, it has, since finding itself once more in its national surroundings, made a habit of making its song

heard around and about most of the lazier highways that radiate from London. As many a harassed holiday-maker will agree, the bird's song, a kind of "Weemustorputourshoulders-Ter-thueel," is most lucid as to its clarity of appeal.

According to Generalissimo Woewoe Kohima, the well-known Japanese authority on this bird, "The Burma Bill would spend many motionless months sitting on its nest, but, as the too-reckless observer attempted to dislodge it from its eggs, the bird would, with many angry peckings and much frantic wing-flapping, attack the hapless invader with such ferocity that nothing short of an honourable understanding would satisfy the bird's ire."

HABITATS: In spite of the Burma Bill spending much of its time bogged down in Burma, it may now be found bogged down in the languorously decaying marshalling-yards of Greater Britain.

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"**Yours Faithfully**" (John Long; 12s. 6d.) is Leslie Henson's autobiography. Seldom has title been better found—for seldom has any artist dealt more faithfully with his public. Leslie Henson can only not be described as an institution because of his quick-silver quality—the word "institution" suggests something fixed and a trifle stony. To many of us, he is simply "the man with the face" (as though, in the rest of the human tribe, any decoration to the front of the skull had been omitted).

My late, great colleague James Agate called him "this pocket genius." Let me quote from an Agate piece, dated 1935, headed "An Appreciation."

How is one to describe this pocket genius? I have been trying for fifteen out of those twenty-one years, and the best I have been able to do was some seven years ago on the occasion of the production of *Follow Through*. "Leslie Henson will, in moments of ecstasy, look at you with eyes bulging like those of a moth which has eaten too much tapestry." Only, of course, the next minute he will be looking like a goldfish the maid has forgotten to put back in its bowl, or a tortoise imprudently come out of its shell.

Since our collection of pet animals first appeared on the Gaiety stage, it or he has taken part in some seventeen musical comedies. It is an open secret of this art or trade that however good the "book" is, it is the business of the principal comedian to make it better. . . . Wit, like hope, springs eternal in the Hensonian breast.

Never in twenty-one years has our Leslie joked nearer to the knuckle than good table-manners permit. He has dispensed laughter out of the largesse and amplitude of a noble mind. No, I am not being absurd. For laughter may be noble as well as ignoble, and with the second and dismal variety Leslie Henson has never had truck.

In fact, if you can be purely and absolutely funny, you don't have to be ambiguously funny—or, rather, ambiguous in order to be funny. The fatal gift of not exactly beauty but something else motivated Mr. Henson's fortunes from the start—but, of course again, there had to be something more. One does not make a life, much less a name, out of simply sitting around looking funny—it is, in fact, an open question these days whether one would go far by simply sitting around looking beautiful (though few of us are in a position to try). In both cases, one has to have what it takes. Nerve, wit, energy? Let us say, personality.

Enough, though, of generalisations—any one of which, hung upon Leslie Henson, seems a grotesque misfit. Let us leave it that he is a constant joy. His autobiography tells the story of his childhood, youth, and rise to fame. Given the two or three hold-ups which cannot but attend any stage career, he became famous unusually young; and, under the conditions fame creates, continued to work hard and enjoy himself. *Yours Faithfully* is a first-rate theatre book, led up to by chapters whose high point is the debut in amateur theatricals. In childhood, there was a bent to serious drama—would that one had been present to see the try-outs!

The theory that every comedian is gnawed by a secret sorrow, and that a smiling mask

covers an aching heart is not, I am glad to say, borne out by *Yours Faithfully*. Tolerated, rather than misunderstood, in childhood, Leslie Henson seems to have had as happy a life as one would wish him—which surely is saying much? He writes very much as, I imagine, he would talk; and he has so much to say, and it is all so fascinatingly funny that the necessary language seems to provide itself. Like all born immortals, he always seems to be ageless: it is startling to realise for how long he has been playing—one can but say, the years have passed in a flash.

THEY have been crowded years, all the same. Upon leaving school, Mr. Henson tried out the family business, but did not, could not, take to it. He was lucky in having a mother who



Vallance, Mansfield
The Duchess of Portland with her daughter, Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, who rode in the Rufford Hunt Gymkhana, held at Warsop recently

could face facts—which her offspring's bent to the stage was one. He became a student of drama under Cairns-James, after which he burgeoned into a pierrot, joining a troupe, "The Tatlers," half-way through their tour.

The Tatlers nearly passed out, I discovered later, when they beheld me for the first time.

I had spared no expense—a suit of striking purple hue, a light-green Homburg hat, yellow washleather gloves, a noticeable tie, and a thin little stick.

After *The Tatlers*, pantomime: the Dalston Theatre, at £3 a week. "I developed my small part, which was that of Sinbad, to such an extent that the Principal Boy stalked off one evening complaining that I was ruining her one dramatic scene. Oh, I was very popular." More concert parties, a tour with George Dance's third company of *The Quaker Girl*—then, in

"**Yours Faithfully**"

"**Of Wives and Wiving**"

"**British Boxing**"

1913, the big break: Grossmith, a small part in *To-night's the Night*. "I felt like a shrimp in a school of whales." Upon which, with Grossmith to America. In those days, Mr. Henson remarks, New York was more of an eye-opener to a Britisher: one had not seen the place in so many films.

When we opened at the Shubert Theatre on Boxing Day, 1914, I was "Albert, a waiter," with one line to say to Robert Nainby. In a fit of lunacy one night I went on with some knitting I'd picked up. I'd never seen a waiter knitting. It stopped the show for a bit, then, Robert Nainby spoke his line:

"What are you doing?"

Instead of speaking my proper line, which was, "I'm only having a look to see what won the 3,30!" I answered on the spur of the moment: "I'm sewing my wild oats!" That was the first spontaneous gag of my musical comedy career.

The greater gags, with their backgrounds, provide some entrancing stories. Each one was the epitome of the purer lunacy. In 1915, with the return to England, Gaiety days began. (It is to the memory of the Gaiety Theatre that this book is dedicated.) The Gaiety was a near miss in a Zeppelin raid. Next, *Theodore and Co.*, then, *Yes, Uncle*—but, "meantime," Mr. Henson mentions in parenthesis, "I joined the R.F.C."

A BROAD on active service, he started with an adventure with a train. This (see p. 65), though trying for our hero, must have been an act that many thousands of persons would have paid much to see. The French (this happened near Calais) considered it funny; the Army, not. "In the meantime," again says Leslie Henson, "I had been given a commission, because General Sir Hubert Gough, commanding the Fifth Army, wanted me to organise and run shows for the troops."

In the matter of running shows for the Forces, Mr. Henson more or less took up, with the Second World War, where he had left off at the end of the First. In the Second, in the pre-Dunkirk days, he was to share with other veterans, the experience of travelling over the same ground. His travels during the second war were terrific—Gibraltar, North Africa, twice to the Middle East, once to the Far East. (Of all the photographs in this book, I'm not sure that "Burmese Bother"—outside the Raffles Hotel, Singapore, 1945—isn't the most pleasing.) This period is covered by a travel-diary.

"The name ENSA—a brief rendering of Entertainments National Service Association—was, I may say, my idea, and of all the persons it employed I can claim to be one of the longest-lived members, even being addressed by an ardent but ignorant 'fan' on one occasion as 'Leslie Ensa.'

Yours Faithfully is lively with personalities—Mr. Henson loses few opportunities of nipping out of the centre of the stage in favour of someone else—and he has the art of pin-pointing a gesture or a *bon mot*, and a flair for anecdote. His accounts, from his own side of the footlights,

(Continued on page 318)

R. C. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW.

Most amiable and erudite of our sporting mentors, "Crusoe" Robertson-Glasgow is unique among cricket correspondents in that he is a county amateur of no mean status. A contemporary of giants at the 'varsities, A. E. R. Gilligan, A. P. F. Chapman, D. R. Jardine and G. O. Allen among them, "Crusoe" battled for Oxford and later for Somerset with magnificent effect, his "in-swinger" defeating many of the wiliest experts of his day. Among writers on games, be they cricket, Rugger, tennis or golf, he has few peers, and his wit is as ready as his wisdom, as readers of "Scoreboard" will testify. His recent autobiography, *46 Not Out*, was one of those rare literary tours de force which establish an immediate intimacy between reader and writer, so that one feels a deep personal interest in the exploits of all the live and vivid characters who leap from the pages. To miss a word of his reporting is to forgo the cream of the day's sporting record. Now on holiday, he will be returning to *The Tatler* very shortly



Photographed by Angus McBean



Richardson — Tufnell

Mr. Guy Colquhoun Richardson, son of Major-General A. C. Richardson, of Fleet, married Miss Diana Evelyn Tufnell, eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Desmond Tufnell, of Longwood, Liss, Hampshire, at Milland Church, Liphook



Boyall — Burrough

Lt. Anthony John Boyall, R.N., son of Dr. and Mrs. A. V. Boyall, of Kildare Lodge, Minehead, Somerset, and Miss Gladys Helen Burrough, daughter of Admiral Sir Harold Burrough and Lady Burrough, were married at St. George's Church, Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham



Hyde — Moore

Mr. S. Henry Hyde, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Waller Hyde, of Kempton Park, Sunbury-on-Thames, and Miss June Moore, youngest daughter of Capt. Charles Moore, of The Pavilion, Hampton Court Palace, and Moorsfort, Tipperary, and of the late Lady Dorothy Moore, were married at Brompton Oratory



Irvine Robertson — McNalty

Mr. James Drummond Irvine Robertson, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Robertson, of Glenelg, Stirling, married Mrs. Betty Marjorie McNalty, widow of Major P. G. B. McNalty, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Butcher, Kerala, Coonoor, Southern India, at St. Andrew's Church, Nairobi, Kenya



Watson — Askew

Capt. Innes A. du Santoy Watson, R.A., only son of Col. R. H. M. Watson, D.S.O., R.A. (retd.) and Mrs. Watson, of Royal Hospital Road, Chelsea, married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Miss Shirley Rachel Askew, daughter of Mr. H. Royston Askew, and of the late Mrs. C. R. Askew, of Aubrey Walk, W.S.



Woolley — Mason

The wedding took place at South Church, Monifieth, between Mr. Roy Woolley, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Woolley, of Burnmoor, West End, Southampton, and Miss Elma Forrester Mason, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander Mason, of Tighnagarbh, Monifieth



Field — Jones

Mr. Derek Field, only son of the late Mr. Harold Field, of Chichester, and of Mrs. Field, was married to Miss Rosemary Jones, daughter of Mr. Leonard Jones and Mrs. Leonard Jones, J.P., of Beechcliffe, Trentham, Staffordshire, and of Beechcliffe Cottage, Rhos-on-Sea, North Wales

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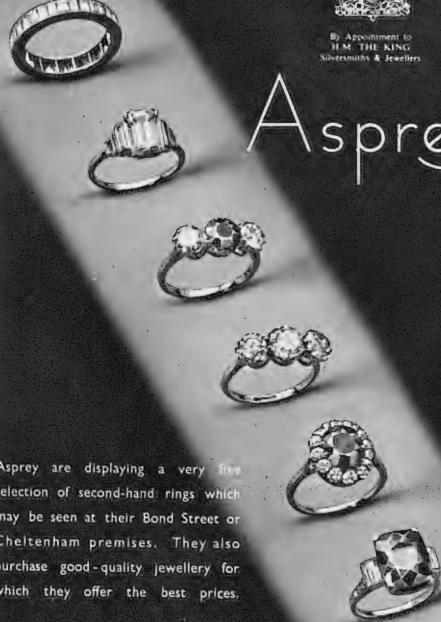
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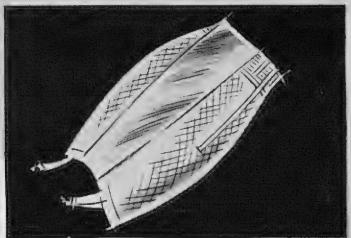
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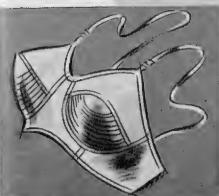
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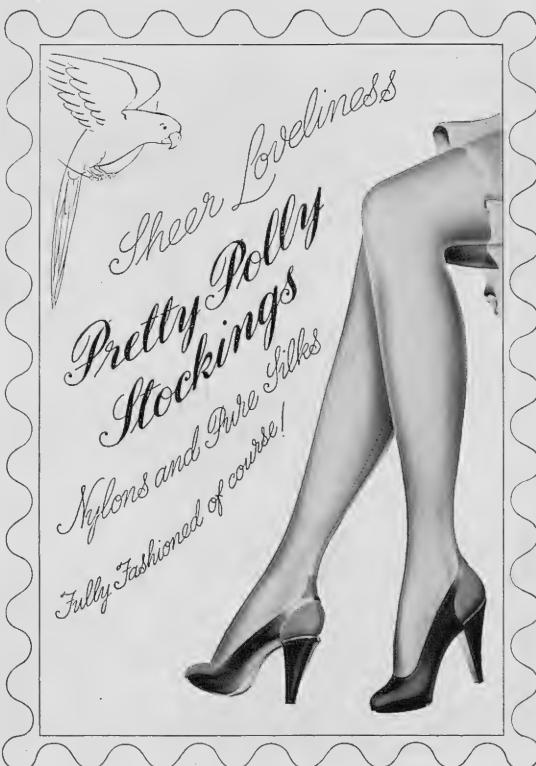
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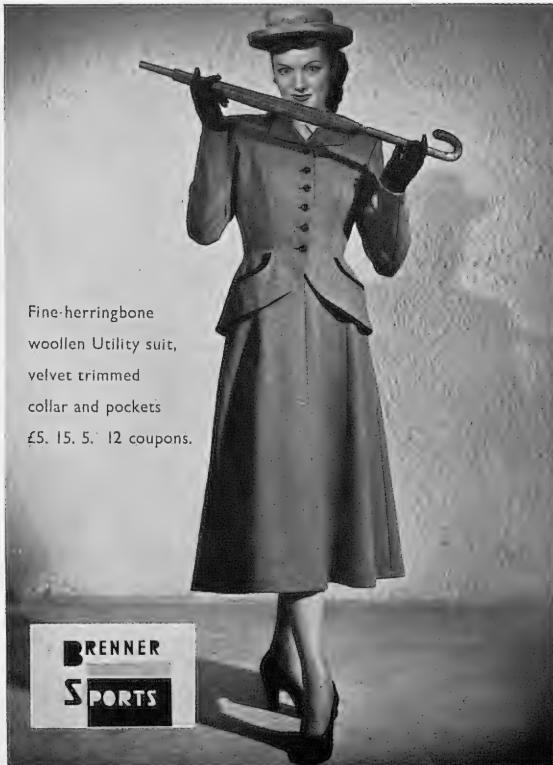
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Anne Brownlow, daughter of Col. G. J. Brownlow, D.S.O., D.L., and Mrs. Brownlow, of Ballychite, Portaferry, Co. Down, who is engaged to Lord Monteagle of Brandon, Irish Guards. Lord Monteagle, who is the sixth Baron, succeeded to the title in 1946



Miss Elizabeth Glendinning, only daughter of Lt.-Col. O. Glendinning, O.B.E., and Mrs. Glendinning, of 25 Cheyne Court, S.W.3, who is to marry Mr. Richard G. Woodcark, C.M.G., C.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P., and of Lady Woodcark, of 15 Buckingham Palace Mansions, S.W.1



Miss Barbara Ann Whalley, only daughter of Mr. F. Seymour Whalley, M.C., and Mrs. Whalley, of The Laven, Marlton, who is engaged to Mr. Martin Reay Sutherland Mackay, D.F.C., Colonial Service, only son of Major J. R. S. Mackay, and Mrs. Mackay, of Stracathro Hospital, Brechin, Angus



Miss Helen Louise Hutchings, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hutchings, of Highgate, who is engaged to Major Anthony John Irving Jennings, of Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jennings, of Farnborough, Hampshire



Miss Joan Anne Duell, Q.A.I.M.N.S., elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Duell, of Burnholme, Denton Road, Ilkley, Yorks., who has announced her engagement to Capt. Anthony Rowland Taverner, R.E., only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Taverner, of Lagg, Wellfields, Essex



Miss Christine Adams Butter, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Butters, of Milton, Leuchars, Fife, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Robert Ballantine Anderson, eldest son of Major Charles Anderson, D.S.O., M.C., W.S., and Mrs. Anderson, of Glenburn Hall, Jedburgh, Roxburghshire

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Elizabeth Bowen's BOOK REVIEWS

of all those historic Gaiety successes recapture the rapture and the glitter: this cannot but be a nostalgic book. "I have tried," he finishes up, "to amuse the reading public as I have tried for thirty-five years to amuse the London theatre. I am grateful that mine has been a good luck story, for my luck has helped me to play to the kindliest and greatest audience in the world; it has led me into paths I never should have known. . . ."

Call it luck if you like—Mr. Henson does. At the same time, he has been his own work of art.

THROUGH the ages, persons have continued to marry—how, indeed, without that should we all be here?; or, at least, how should we be here respectably?—and, at the same time, with this custom has gone a tendency to reflect on marriage. Here is a topic no one can ever drop. *Of Wives and Wiving*, by John Buncle (John Lehmann, 6s.) is a learned, but in effect gay, little anthology on just that subject. "A Manual," says the wrapper sedately, "of Instruction, Exhortation and Admonition gathered from Older Authors for the Guidance, Delight and Moral Fortification of Contemporary Readers."

A manual, as the title warns us, totally from the masculine point of view—ladies, whether aspiring maidens, complacent or plaintive wives or lamenting widows, seem to have been less articulate on the subject of Husbands. This slim volume, I feel bound to say, suffers little from being limited to one sex—the diversity is wide, and remarkable. Those seeking for a consensus of opinion as to what sort of wife the Britisher really does want may be baffled. Idealism and cynicism keep a nice balance—the latter, I think, reaches its peak in John Selden's remark that, "Tis reason that a Man that will have a Wife should be at the Charge of her Trinkets, and pay all the Scores she sets on him. He that will keep a Monkey, 'tis fit he should pay for the Glasses it breaks." William Cobbett places beauty last of the eight attributes desirable in a spouse; Lord Chesterfield points out to his son that,

"There are but two objects in marriage, love or money." Sir John Suckling writes to Thomas Carew, "Dost thou know what marriage is?" "Tis curing love the dearest way, of waking a losing gamester out of a winning dream . . ." Dr. Johnson, as a widower of long standing, had a golden opinion of the connubial state; Richard Steele's letters to his wife ring the changes of temperament.

Bacon, Byron, Burton (of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*) Boswell, Gay, Goldsmith, Sir Thomas More, Sir Walter Raleigh, Keats, Isaak Walton and Jeremy Taylor are among other authors who have something to say.

DENZIL BATCHELOR writes engaging history, of one kind, in *British Boxing* (Britain in Pictures Series, Collins, 5s.). In places, this is something of a catalogue; one must suppose it inevitable that so many names, old and new, had to be brought in. None the less, Mr. Batchelor's framework is not only sound but clear. The pair of boxing gloves figuring on the wrapper were, for instance, in the days of eighteenth-century prize fights—sponsored by bloods and "Corinthians"—conspicuous by their absence. Such contests, brutal enough, sometimes lasted for 99 rounds. The Prince Regent wagered £40,000 at one.

The stamina of those old-type bruisers must have been terrific—see on pp. 24-25, the fight of Sayers and Heenan. As a race, however tough, they were on the whole unlucky: most died young, and poor—though there was the exception of Gully (of the impressive portrait).

Tom Cribb, or the Game Chicken, introduced developments—technique instead of straight slogging in the ring. Ideas of fitness came in with a self-imposed limitation to 25 glasses of whisky a day. Under the Queensberry rules of the British Boxing Board of Control, a new spirit was grafted into a stock of degenerating pugilism—gloves, ring-craft, limitation of rounds and victory on points evolved a new generation: the professional boxers. It could be wished that Mr.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

IN *The Garden of Fand* Bax has created a different story from the original legend as a basis for his composition of that name. The legend tells how Fand, daughter of the ocean king, lures the hero away from the world making him forget everything but her enchantments. Bax visualizes a small ship sailing towards the shores of Fand's enchanted island on which there is ceaseless revelry and dancing, and from which none can escape. Then Fand sings her song of immortal love, completely bewitching her hearers. The revelry starts again and as the light begins to fade Fand's garden disappears, completely swallowed up by the sea.

Here is a lush piece of romantic writing, interpreted with full understanding by the conductor Sir Thomas Beecham, and played with delightful ease by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. It is sponsored by the British Council, a justified tribute to one of our best living British composers. (H.M.V. DB.6654-5.)

Robert Tredinnick

Batchelor had devoted more space to amateur boxing than such a feature. However, *British Boxing* is nicely rounded off by the photograph of two small boys sparring, "From the Ring to the Youth Club" would be a quite fitting summary for this book.

Illustrations—well up to the standard of the Series—are in this case particularly illuminating: one can compare the panther grace of Carpenter with the woodiness in the old stylized prints . . . Walpole, Swift and Pope were, we learn, present at the first night of all; Colley Cibber held Kitty Clive's arm at the ringside—interesting first note of a woman there.

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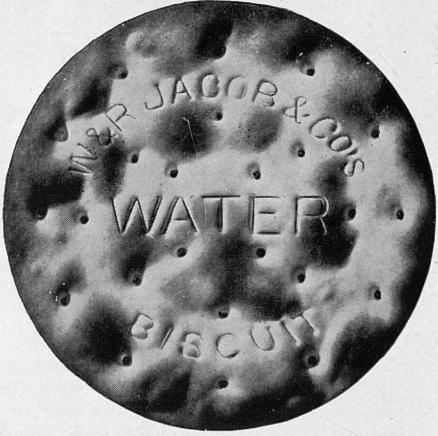


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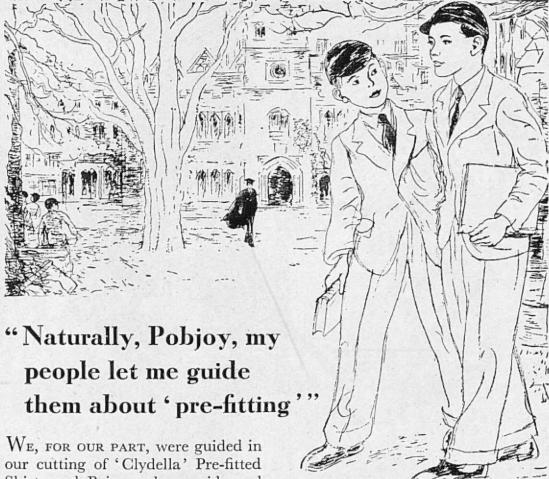
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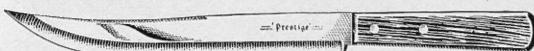
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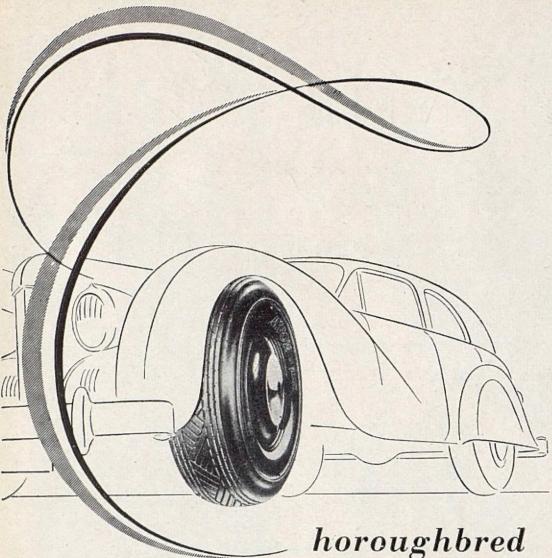
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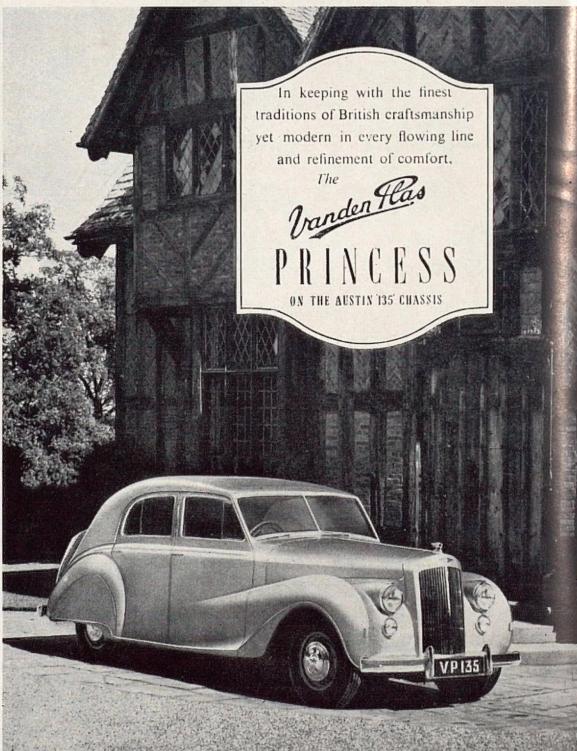
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